

The Principia.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE PRINCIPIA.

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EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

The President's Proclamation, defective and imperfect as it is, is, in its present shape, a work, in the community, in more ways than one.

It is doing much to draw the line between the loyal and the disloyal, showing who are the real friends of the Government and the Union, and who are in sympathy with the rebels. Politicians and Editors, whose professions of loyalty, a few weeks ago, deceived many, are now showing themselves in clear light, as the enemies of the Government and of free institutions, that nobody, hereafter, need be under any necessity of mistaking them. This is one great point gained. Their false friendship, ever since the fall of Fort Sumpter, has been a mischievous than their open and manly hostility could have been. Some who are slow to see this, are alarmed or despondent at the fresh manifestations of disloyalty at the North. Let them understand the matter, and take courage. While false friends, whether in the Border States or in the more northern States, kept up a show of loyalty, they retained an influence with the Government, and moulded its policy in the interest of their dear "brethren of the South." The game is nearly played out now. The Message of Gov. Seymour, of New York, was the signal for the new manifestations, which have been multiplying and becoming more undisciplined, ever since. Gov. Parker, of New Jersey, follows. Gov. Seward, of New York, is less plausible and prudent. Gov. Seymour made a great display of affected zeal to carry on the war, and put down the rebellion, only taking care not to touch or injure its great cause, slavery. Gov. Parker, more boldly, takes of peace and adjustment with the rebels, and proclaims, openly, that there shall be no more arrests for treason, in New Jersey, declaring that it is illegal and unconstitutional to take efficient measures for putting down the rebellion. In this, as also in throwing the chief responsibility and blame of the war on the loyal North, he treads in much the same path with Vallandigham, of Ohio, whose speech in Congress we gave our readers a summary in the *Principia* of last week. Having settled it—as they think—that there are to be no more arrests for treason for protesting dissent, for, in fact, the revolutionizing of the whole country, not a division, was the original programme of the Southern conspirators, and would be still, had they not now learned that the North cannot be subjugated nor captured by them. The *Herald*, anticipating a Northern rally for the South, at least in this city, on the outbreak of hostilities at Fort Sumpter, had prepared a Confederate flag to raise over its Office, and was only deterred by popular demonstrations against it. The unexpected Northern rally against the rebellion, forced the *Herald* to affect loyalty, to attempt influencing the Government, and to gain the reputation, in both hemispheres, of being its mouth-piece, in all which it has so far succeeded, as to do vastly more mischief than its open treason, even though unrestrained, could possibly have done. The earnestness and fidelity of the *Herald* in the cause of the rebellion, has recently been recognized and attested by rebel papers in Richmond.

So lately as the meeting of the loyal Governors at Altoona, the *Herald* claimed to be the chief supporter of President Lincoln, against them, and their alleged intended interference with the policy of the Administration.

By the President's Proclamation of freedom, all this is now changed. At first, indeed, the *Herald* felt its way, cautiously. Before the Proclamation of the first of January, it contrasted the threat of 22d September, into a device to frighten it into effect. With this exposition, it affected to favor the proclamation as a means of subduing the rebellion without disturbing slavery. At this point, large numbers of the *Herald's* pro-slavery patrons deserted it, to give their patronage to the *Work*, by which the threatened emancipation was assailed, most violently.

Since the Proclamation of the first of January, the *Herald* has been trimming its sails to its old course, again. It chimes in with Seymour, Parker, and almost, with Vallandigham. In its issue of Jan. 22, it resorts to its former expedient of trying threats, when flatteries fail to answer its purpose. The *Herald*, that so lately charged the loyal Northern Governors with treasonable attempts to control the Administration, calls now

the disloyal Governors and Legislatures to control it, the Governor and Legislature of New York, controlled at Albany by an armed mob from this city, taking the lead, "as soon as its organization" under such influences, shall have been completed.

The riotous scenes at Albany, furnish the best comment upon the aims of the *Herald*, and of the politicians supported by, and supporting it. Day after day, the House of Assembly, besieged by armed rowdies from the sinks of iniquity in this city—the very men to whose casting vote Gov. Seymour owes his election—is prevented, by threats of violence, from organizing by electing a Speaker. And when, for self-protection, the House closes its gallery doors, the rioters break them open and enter, leading members of the House cheering them on, by protesting against the closing of the doors. In the Senate, which had effected an organization, Resolutions censuring this assault upon the House of Assembly, and providing for the appointment of a Committee to wait on the Governor, and ask the protection of the Assembly from mob violence, meet with earnest opposition from pro-slavery members, and are finally carried, by a vote of 12 to 5, and a Committee appointed to present them to the Governor. At the time of our present writing, the result is not determined; but this is sufficient for our present purpose, of showing the character and violence of the opposition against the President, on account of his Proclamation of Freedom.

A reaction must, of course, follow. Americans, at least at the North, are not the people to be put down by mob violence, nor to tolerate mob government over them. Such sympathizers with rebel slaveholders are overdoing their work, and preparing themselves and partisans for disgrace and defeat.

Independently of this, yet accelerated by it, the effect of the Proclamation of freedom, among the solid, substantial citizens of the loyal States, is most salutary and invigorating. The more it stirs up the gall and bitterness of the pro-slavery mobocracy, the more will it take a deep hold upon the hearts, the consciences, the patriotism, the religious sensibilities of reflecting, law-abiding, and loyal citizens. The President gains more than he loses, by it. "Loses" did we say? He only loses the incense that has been almost suffocating and crushing him. He gains, what he has heretofore most needed, the hopeful sympathy, the support, and the prayers of good men, the very men by whom, at all, he is to be sustained. In large assemblies, one after another, they are congregating, to thank God for the turning of the tide in favor of righteousness and freedom, and to devise means for carrying the Proclamation into effect. In contrast with Gov. Parker of New Jersey and Gov. Seymour of New York, Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, stands up for the Government and for freedom. Massachusetts, so lately accused of disloyalty by disloyalists, Massachusetts, that the clamors for "the Union (with slavery) as it was," are threatening to exclude from their Union—Massachusetts, the cradle of the Revolution, and of Abolition—Puritan Massachusetts, with her Bunker Hill and her Sumner, has decided to pay off her own soldiers, and wait for the Federal Government to refund the money, at its leisure. There is a bright picture, for which New Jersey, in eclipse, stands as a foil. Will the Empire State consent to stand with her?

The President's Proclamation of freedom, unfinished and unenforced, as it yet is, is already bringing to light and to the loyal North, the gratitudes of the friends of freedom, of humanity, of peace, and of good Government, on the other side of the Atlantic. Christians, in both hemispheres, waiting, in faith, and in patience, for the coming redemption of a world, are now uniting in their devout thanksgivings, for the President's Proclamation, and praying to God for him, and for the success of his armies, in suppressing the diabolical rebellion, especially that all the slaves in America may be liberated, and peace restored, upon the enduring basis of equity and justice.

We have good reason for believing that the President will receive fresh assurances, daily, of the approbation and co-operation of his best, his only real friends, in the execution of his best, his only real policy, and of good Government, on the other side of the Atlantic. Christians, in both hemispheres, waiting, in faith, and in patience, for the coming redemption of a world, are now uniting in their devout thanksgivings, for the President's Proclamation, and praying to God for him, and for the success of his armies, in suppressing the diabolical rebellion, especially that all the slaves in America may be liberated, and peace restored, upon the enduring basis of equity and justice.

Delegations from every county, township, and village should speedily be sent to Washington, for this purpose, armed with memorials from their respective neighborhoods. They should call, personally, on the President, on the members of his Cabinet, and upon Senators and Representatives. To facilitate this, we suggest a form of memorial, which will answer, instead of a letter.

FORM OF MEMORIAL.
 To the President and to Congress.
 We the undersigned, citizens of—county of— and State of—, convinced that the speedy extinction of American slavery is essential to the preservation of American liberty, the American Union, and the American Government, do earnestly implore you to lose no time in enforcing the President's recent Proclamation of Freedom, extending it, equally, to all the slaves of all the States, and calling upon the able-bodied colored men of the North and of the South, to enlist in the Army and Navy of the United States, in support of the Government, and against the rebellion.

Several gentlemen in this city, who fully appreciate this kind of investment, have contributed from twenty to forty dollars each, to this fund, with the privilege of designating any names they wish, except *Principia*, or other anti-slavery documents, to be sent to such persons as you and Mr. Goodell think will be most benefited by them, but don't send the *Principia* to any one person more than three months, on account of its nature.

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* Is a Weekly Newspaper, published at 104 William street New-York, for the

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This Association is composed of gentlemen of wealth and influence, in the principal states of the Union, and is organized according to law.

The paper is owned by the Association and under the entire control of the Trustees named in the act of incorporation, viz.

**JOSEPH W. ALLEN,
REV. W. W. GOODALE,
REV. GEO. R. CHEEVER, D.D.**

It is edited by **REV. WILLIAM GOODALE** and **REV. G. B. CHEEVER, D. D.** and published by **JOSEPH W. ALLEN** for the corporation.

Its columns will be enriched by able correspondence, and occasional writers, all of whom will

Products are guided by the way-marks in the following:

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J. W. ALDEN,
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Family Miscellany.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

BY PROF. J. R. LOWELL.

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked, last night, in a dreamy mood;
A child crept curling up beneath my hair;
To think what chance me, by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith, that waned through haunted
air.

Pale fire-fires pulsed, within the meadow mist,
Their halos, wavering in a dream of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin's tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled, baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there came a cry
A movement in the stream that checked my
breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!"
The Sisters wash a shroud—till things to hear!"

I looked then, beheld the ancient Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's
 creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crouching as they weave their endless braid,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall
be."

No wrinkled crowns were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to day, to-morrow;
To mourn, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their faces gleam-

"Still, men and women reap, as they have sown—
So say they, working at their task, the while—
For the faintest must be cleansed ere dawn:
Be thou for Astarte? Is the Sea-Queen's law?
Or that quondam grandeur must our shrouds
be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer cause,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his post-horse,
That forest-folk, flake-folk, and fowl-folk
But knicker, hammer, youngest son of Thor's?"

"What makes me, murmur'st thou, and what are
we?
What empires must be wound, we bring the
shroud,
The time-worn web of the implacable Three:
Is it for cause for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deemed to wear it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned. "So strong's
he?
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would brook no
white,
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens then, in funeral fire,
For him, his own-gold, bright yet, in his hair!"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unyielding dames!
I see, half-sleeping, tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must nobly aim
Be turned upon the time that shall be done:
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of fames?"

"When grass blades stiffen with red battle-dew,
Ye deem we choose the victors and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be lead and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Ye here the victory is, if ye but know."

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge,
Will,
These roots are strong, but stronger yet the third—
Obedience, the great trap-root, that still,
Knead round the rock of Duty, is set sturd,
Though the stern storm's ploughshare spend its utmost
skill."

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Drinks it to perdition, which shall he escape?"

"Hath he not valiantly climbed his eagle's seat
To make Jot's bolts porphyry of his maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than wisdom? Held Opinion's veil for law?
Then let him hearken for the headsman's foot?"

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with
gold,
Down which they stumble to eternal doom:
No chattering's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would split the block."

"Ye sing old songs, of woe and woe,
Mystic accents too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are ours; men hear and know,
See Evil wean, see only the Good,
Yet hope to balk Demons with fire walls of tow."

"Time Was! Unlocks the riddle of Time!
That offers choice of glory and of gloom:
The color makes Time Shall be surely his—
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him!" I cried, "not yet for him,
Who large horizon, western, star by star,
Wins from the void to where on ocean's rim
The sunset glows the world's golden bar:
Not yet his larger shall fall, his eye grow dim!"

"His shall be larger manhood, saved from those
That walk unloving through the trial-fires:
Not suffering, but faint heart is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need drop, confronted with his foes."

"Tears may be ours, but proud for those who
win,
Dent's royal purple in the enemy's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the battle din,
The wisest ear some of God's things divine,
For the shielded blade may rest with darker sin."

"God, give us peace!—not such as falls to sleep,
But word on thigh, and bow with purpose knit;
Her part all of us, her battle-lancers lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their
trip."

"So said I, with clenched hands and passionate
pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking; and again
The echoes layed down the night, and died,
While waking, I recalled my wandering train."

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"Peals there a heart within the breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine!
For the true spirit's shrine is the heart,
And no proud pile of perishable art,
When God ordained the pilgrim's rite, that sign
We meant to lead thy thoughts to things divine.
A thousand times he leads that round in vain
Who can a human heart would truly divine.
Leave wealth behind; bring God thy heart—best
gift."

To guide thy wavering steps through life's dark
night,
God spurs the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, My chosen is he whose heart who loves,
Nor gold nor silver seek I, but above
All gifts the heart, and buy it with my life:
Yes, no aid, sad heart, which men despise,
More than my riches, that I would I prize.
Then think not lonely of thy heart, that lowly,
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy,
God's presence-chamber is the human breast:
An happy he whose heart holds such a guest!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT,

OR, THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

BY MRS. MARIA GODELL FROST.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

Nearly two years from the time referred to,
in our last chapter, a peep into the parlor
chamber will reveal to us the fact that an
interesting event has occurred in the old parlor.
Two ladies sit in earnest conversation,
over something mysteriously folded in a pale
blue blanket, with a delicate edge of soft
white needlework. One of these ladies we
discover to be Mrs. Stanley, the Emily of
our former chapter. There is a trifle of beauty
added to her fine face, although the cheek is
less blooming, it has gained very much in ex-
pressive sweetness, and also in reflective
earnestness.

Now I know my young readers are im-
patient, quite, to lift the tempting blanket, and
so we will. There it is! The baby! Claren-
ce, they call him. Tell us that all that
babies are alike! See that round forehead,

those full blue eyes, seemingly too bright for
earth, those ever moving lips, with that
peculiar curve. Ah, there is a nobility of
babyhood, there!

It has been beautifully said that, "No
mother ever saw a halter hang over her
child's cradle." Emily saw a *vidua's* crown,
with life eternal, in letters of gold, engraven
upon it.

"How easy it is for one who has never
met difficulties, to expect success! To you, the
bow of promise is unveiled by the mists
which time and experience cannot fail to
gather," said Mrs. Winthers, as the young
mother unfolded her treasure, and spoke of
its immortal worth.

"I do not overlook difficulties, in the great
work of moulding mind," replied Emily, "but
I view the promises of God as amply suffi-
cient to meet every want. Says the Savior,
'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Why then
should we doubt?"

"But then, my dear Mrs. Stanley, you
know the best of Christians have failed, sig-
nally, in rearing their children for the Lord.
This is truly a discouraging feature."

"No, Clarence, he is God," said Mrs. Stan-
ley, impressively.

"Why are there two Gods up, there?"
"Only one God, my child, three persons in
the God-head, God the Father, God the
Son, and God the Holy Spirit. The Bible
tells us that 'There are three that bear record
in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the
Holy Ghost, and these three are one.'"

"What is Ghost?" asked Clarence, im-
patiently.

"Ghost means Spirit," replied his mother.
"What does Word mean?" asked Clarence,
again.

"It is sometimes used to represent Christ,
who is, to us, the Word of Life. We are told
that 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt
among us, and we beheld his glory, as of the
only begotten of the Father, full of grace and
truth.' So we see, plainly, that Christ is
meant."

"What did you mean, mother, when you
said Christ is God?"

"Just what Christ meant when he said, 'I
and my Father are one.' The Jews were very
angry, and stoned him, for making himself
God. Yet God tells us, by his servant John,
that 'All things were made by him, and with-
out him was not any thing made that was
made.'"

"He did not make the world, did he?" I
thought he was born in Bethlehem," said
Clarence.

"So he was. He came in the form of a
child, and grew to be a man, and suffered
death, that he might be a Savior of sinners;
that was his mission on earth. But John tells
us that he 'was in the beginning; that the
world was made by him.'"

Clarence appeared satisfied.

"Now," said his mother, "you have learned
two things about Christ, that I want you
always to remember. One is that he is eter-
nal, and the other is—that he is what?"

"That he is Creator."

"Very well, that will do for this time."
"Read to me, mother, do read to me," said
Clarence, with earnestness.

"What shall I read?"

"The best of books," said Clarence.
"That was the child's greatest delight to listen
to Bible reading, he never tired of the stories
of Joseph and Samuel, and David, and
Daniel. David was his special favorite. On
one occasion, when his mother prayed, in
his presence, for him, that he might be like
Samuel, he exclaimed—'Oh, no, Lord! make
me like David.'"

"By no means! I expect to co-operate with
God, as his principal and responsible agent,
in this work. I shall instruct much, and pray
more, and I do believe that the truths of the
gospel may be so impressed upon the minds of
children as to secure their early conversion."

"Well! you can try. If I have not tried,
no mother ever did or can, and you see how it
is, with my children," said Mrs. Winthers, in
a discouraging tone, as she rose to leave.

The hour of this visitor's departure, was the
first hour of doubt and temptation to the
young mother, since the birth of Clarence.
The night that followed was one of broken rest
and deep heart-struggles.

"Am I not true, oh! my Father! and may
I not claim thee every promise, for my boy?
Wherefore do I doubt? Give me but thy
token, a full assurance of faith, for this price-
less boon, this love gift from thine hand!"
And then the faint and weary mother slumbered,
while the tear-drops glistened on her
snowy pillow.

She sees her darling plunged beneath a dark
and deadly wave, and then the fitful, feverish
dream is over, and the voice of prayer springs
up, spontaneous, from a heart moved by God's
Spirit. "Father! let my child be Thine, for
Thou art a true and faithful God." Again the
mother slumbers, and upon a sea-board rock she
finds her child stretching its tiny hands to
heaven. Yes, Clarence, thou art saved!

"Father, I trust thee, only let me have Thine
all-sufficient grace, and, like young Samuel,
let my child be early called of Thee, and may
he know Thy voice, and quickly answer, 'here
am I!'"

Thus prayed the mother, and as she prayed,
she felt her strength renewed, and doubted
not it would be equal to her day. So time
rolled on, and still the mother prayed, and
praying toiled. And as she looked, with a
mother's love, and a mother's fond pride, upon
her boy, so brave, so beautiful, the tempter
came and whispered, "He is thine, thy Claren-
ce boy, thine idol!"

The mother looked again upon that face,
glowing with boyish life, and crowned with
wreaths of clustering curls, she closed her
eyes and softly murmured:

"Not mine, O God, but thine! Save me again,
for Thou alone canst save, and make my Claren-
ce Thine."

There was that same difference between
Clarence and other children that exists be-
tween the lovely wild flowers of the mountain
side, that struggle amid obstacles to bring
forth their beauty and fragrance, and the
choice garden flower, or rare exotic, nourished
in the soil of love, by the hand of wise and
tender affections. Seldom left to the care of
domestics, a mother's eye watched each tiny
leaf, as it unfolded itself to the sunshine of
her love. Not a word of babyhood fell to
the ground unnoted, scarce a question, formed
by the earnest curiosity of childhood, was re-
pressed. Thus encouraged, thus warmed into
a generous and growing life, of which music,
poetry, and love were the elements, it was not
strange that Clarence should possess an active
and investigating mind. He was also ardent
and highly imaginative, and evinced a love
for the beautiful, and a quick perception of
the sublime, always attaching to it, in some
way, the idea of God and heaven.

One day, when about three years old, as he
stood by the window, in a chair, watching the
rolling clouds, he exclaimed suddenly, "Mother,
I saw God, then!"

"Why Clarence! What do you mean?"
asked his mother. "I was looking to see a
great white cloud roll, and as it moved along
it parted, and God looked right through," said
the child, in a tone of reverence, and solemnity.

A year later he asked, "Mother, is Jesus
Christ an angel?"

"Of course, my child, both thou, and they need
my life."

Isaiah 44. 3—4.
"I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my
blessing upon those offspring. And they shall spring
up among the grass, as willows by the water courses."

Pa. 103. 17.
"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting upon them that fear him, and his right-
eousness to children's children. As such as keep his
covenant."

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patient, quite, to lift the tempting blanket, and
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while the tear-drops glistened on her
snowy pillow.

She sees her darling plunged beneath a dark
and deadly wave, and then the fitful, feverish
dream is over, and the voice of prayer springs
up, spontaneous, from a heart moved by God's
Spirit. "Father! let my child be Thine, for
Thou art a true and faithful God." Again the
mother slumbers, and upon a sea-board rock she
finds her child stretching its tiny hands to
heaven. Yes, Clarence, thou art saved!

"Father, I trust thee, only let me have Thine
all-sufficient grace, and, like young Samuel,
let my child be early called of Thee, and may
he know Thy voice, and quickly answer, 'here
am I!'"

Thus prayed the mother, and as she prayed,
she felt her strength renewed, and doubted
not it would be equal to her day. So time
rolled on, and still the mother prayed, and
praying toiled. And as she looked, with a
mother's love, and a mother's fond pride, upon
her boy, so brave, so beautiful, the tempter
came and whispered, "He is thine, thy Claren-
ce boy, thine idol!"

The mother looked again upon that face,
glowing with boyish life, and crowned with
wreaths of clustering curls, she closed her
eyes and softly murmured:

"Not mine, O God, but thine! Save me again,
for Thou alone canst save, and make my Claren-
ce Thine."

There was that same difference between
Clarence and other children that exists be-
tween the lovely wild flowers of the mountain
side, that struggle amid obstacles to bring
forth their beauty and fragrance, and the
choice garden flower, or rare exotic, nourished
in the soil of love, by the hand of wise and
tender affections. Seldom left to the care of
domestics, a mother's eye watched each tiny
leaf, as it unfolded itself to the sunshine of
her love. Not a word of babyhood fell to
the ground unnoted, scarce a question, formed
by the earnest curiosity of childhood, was re-
pressed. Thus encouraged, thus warmed into
a generous and growing life, of which music,
poetry, and love were the elements, it was not
strange that Clarence should possess an active
and investigating mind. He was also ardent
and highly imaginative, and evinced a love
for the beautiful, and a quick perception of
the sublime, always attaching to it, in some
way, the idea of God and heaven.

One day, when about three years old, as he
stood by the window, in a chair, watching the
rolling clouds, he exclaimed suddenly, "Mother,
I saw God, then!"

"Why Clarence! What do you mean?"
asked his mother. "I was looking to see a
great white cloud roll, and as it moved along
it parted, and God looked right through," said
the child, in a tone of reverence, and solemnity.

A year later he asked, "Mother, is Jesus
Christ an angel?"

"Of course, my child, both thou, and they need
my life."

Isaiah 44. 3—4.
"I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my
blessing upon those offspring. And they shall spring
up among the grass, as willows by the water courses."

Pa. 103. 17.
"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting upon them that fear him, and his right-
eousness to children's children. As such as keep his
covenant."

Now I know my young readers are im-
patient, quite, to lift the tempting blanket, and
so we will. There it is! The baby! Claren-
ce, they call him. Tell us that all that
babies are alike! See that round forehead,

those full blue eyes, seemingly too bright for
earth, those ever moving lips, with that
peculiar curve. Ah, there is a nobility of
babyhood, there!

It has been beautifully said that, "No
mother ever saw a halter hang over her
child's cradle." Emily saw a *vidua's* crown,
with life eternal, in letters of gold, engraven
upon it.

"How easy it is for one who has never
met difficulties, to expect success! To you, the
bow of promise is unveiled by the mists
which time and experience cannot fail to
gather," said Mrs. Winthers, as the young
mother unfolded her treasure, and spoke of
its immortal worth.

"No, Clarence, he is God," said Mrs. Stan-
ley, impressively.

"Why are there two Gods up, there?"
"Only one God, my child, three persons in
the God-head, God the Father, God the
Son, and God the Holy Spirit. The Bible
tells us that 'There are three that bear record
in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the
Holy Ghost, and these three are one.'"

"What is Ghost?" asked Clarence, im-
patiently.

"Ghost means Spirit," replied his mother.
"What does Word mean?" asked Clarence,
again.

"It is sometimes used to represent Christ,
who is, to us, the Word of Life. We are told
that 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt
among us, and we beheld his glory, as of the
only begotten of the Father, full of grace and
truth.' So we see, plainly, that Christ is
meant."

"What did you mean, mother, when you
said Christ is God?"

"Just what Christ meant when he said, 'I
and my Father are one.' The Jews were very
angry, and stoned him, for making himself
God. Yet God tells us, by his servant John,
that 'All things were made by him, and with-
out him was not any thing made that was
made.'"

"He did not make the world, did he?" I
thought he was born in Bethlehem," said
Clarence.

"So he was. He came in the form of a
child, and grew to be a man, and suffered
death, that he might be a Savior of sinners;
that was his mission on earth. But John tells
us that he 'was in the beginning; that the
world was made by him.'"

Clarence appeared satisfied.

"Now," said his mother, "you have learned
two things about Christ, that I want you
always to remember. One is that he is eter-
nal, and the other is—that he is what?"

"That he is Creator."

"Very well, that will do for this time."
"Read to me, mother, do read to me," said
Clarence, with earnestness.

"What shall I read?"

"The best of books," said Clarence.
"That was the child's greatest delight to listen
to Bible reading, he never tired of the stories
of Joseph and Samuel, and David, and
Daniel. David was his special favorite. On
one occasion, when his mother prayed, in
his presence, for him, that he might be like
Samuel, he exclaimed—'Oh, no, Lord! make
me like David.'"

"By no means! I expect to co-operate with
God, as his principal and responsible agent,
in this work. I shall instruct much, and pray
more, and I do believe that the truths of the
gospel may be so impressed upon the minds of
children as to secure their early conversion."

"Well! you can try. If I have not tried,
no mother ever did or can, and you see how it
is, with my children," said Mrs. Winthers, in
a discouraging tone, as she rose to leave.

The hour of this visitor's departure, was the
first hour of doubt and temptation to the
young mother, since the birth of Clarence.
The night that followed was one of broken rest
and deep heart-struggles.

"Am I not true, oh! my Father! and may
I not claim thee every promise, for my boy?
Wherefore do I doubt? Give me but thy
token, a full assurance of faith, for this price-
less boon, this love gift from thine hand!"
And then the faint and weary mother slumbered,
while the tear-drops glistened on her
snowy pillow.

She sees her darling plunged beneath a dark
and deadly wave, and then the fitful, feverish
dream is over, and the voice of prayer springs
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